

HORACE GREELEY.

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The three-cornered chair, with one side of the collar turned up and the other down like the ears of a "heli cop," rabbits the best, in which the glue and the nap were so intricately united by repeated rain storms, that the sharpest curryscombs could not touch them—the cowhide boots that "never learned to shine," like neckerchiefs with the "Jack Ketches" use—the half bent form that moved through the streets with a side swing as if the hinges on one side were ground up, the other rusty—the well turned intellectual head, and the chalk white face, in which the opposite expressions of severity and credulity seemed strangely blended; in whom all the competent parts of the political agitator, the visionary, the cause-organizer, the philanthropist, and the devoted, called for

Oratory, has left for London in the Baltic, and will appear at the Crystal Palace in due time as a part of the American contribution to the World's Fair. We think we see him now, daguerotyping the whole scene through the lens of his eyes, upon the clear brain behind them, for reproduction in the Tribune. Superficial observers will take him for a zany; but who so tries the edge of his intellectual metal, will find that if not as polished as a Damascus scimitar, he is as keen as a Yankee whittle. Exeter Hall will make much of him, and he will not object to a little tickling for his mental epidermis.

is as sensitive to the touch of flattery as if he were a pretty woman. Nature came within an ace of making Mr. Greeley a great man, and if his temperament had been bilious, or even anguine, instead of sympathetic, and his passions stronger, he might have been one. As it is he has too little of the small animal in his nature to be a practical philosopher. Man in the aggregate is somewhat of a beast, and his affinity with matter as well as with mind renders him a stubborn subject for the experiments of speculative philosophers. Mr. Greeley will find plenty of his class in London, and an infini-

the abundance in Paris. We hope he will have a pleasant time with them; and that in looking through the social fabric with a view of breaking down the partition walls, removing the floor and incorporating the tenants in one grand stock company, they may experience as much self-satisfaction as the mad astronomer did who fancied that he had discovered an improved method of regulating the motion of the planets. — *Noah's Messenger.*

TESTING THE SPIRITS.—A Dutch widow whose better half departed on the long journey to the spirit land twelve months ago, determined to consult the "trappers," and en-

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feeling to obtain spiritual communication, desiring anxious respecting the future state of his late wife. These "rappers" were not the genuine "mediums" but of a bogus kind—adventurers endeavoring to reap the harvest out of the late mysterious developments.—After the usual ceremonies, the spirit of Mrs. Haunz, manifested its willingness to converse with her disconsolate spouse.

"Ish dat you, Mrs. Haunz," inquired the Dutchman,

"Yes, dearest, it is your wife——"

"You lie, you devil of a ghost," interrupted Haunz, starting from his chair. "mine

THE FOOLS REPROOF.—There was a certain nobleman, says Bishop Hall, who kept a fool, to whom he one day gave a staff, with a charge to keep it until he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself. Not many years after the nobleman fell

sick unto death. The fool came to him—
I must shortly leave you."
And whither art thou going?"
"Into the other world," said his lordship.
"And when will you come again? Within a month?"
"No."
"Within a year?"
"No."
"When then?"
"Whenever—contrary to the usual custom—
I never."
"NEVER," said the fool, "and what provisions have thou made for thy entertainment there, whether thou goest?"
"None at all."
"None?" said the fool, "trough at all the

A PUZZLED PROFESSOR.—In a class in advanced logic, the Professor of Logic was endeavoring to substantiate that a thing remains the same notwithstanding a substitution in some of its parts. Our wag, who had been exercising the Yankee art of whittling, at length held up his jack knife inquiring: "Suppose I should lose the blade of my knife, and should get another made and inserted in its place—would it be the same knife it was before?"

"To be sure," replied the professor. "Well then," the wag continued, suppose I should then lose the handle and get another, would it be the same still?"

"Of course," replied the professor again replied.

"But if some body should find the old blade and the old handle, and should put them together, what knife would be it?"

"We have never heard the professor's answer — *Clinton Radiator*.

VERY TENDER.—The story is told of a certain New Zealand Chief, that a young missionary landed at his island to succeed a sacred teacher, deceased some time before.

At an interview with the chief, the young minister asked :

"Did you know my departed brother?"

"Ah yes!—I was a deacon in his church."

"All then, you know him well; and was he not a tender-hearted man?"

"Yes," replied the pious deacon, with much gusto, he was very good and

loyal. I met a piece of him

in supply for Sale,
J. SMITH,
of the Company.